

THEM NAVY FLYERS HAS TO WRITE, TOO

This Feller Wants to Tell
How Things Is Down
His Way

U-BOATS IS AWFUL SCURSE

Fishin' and Clam Farmin' Keep
Him Tollable Busy While
Waitin' for Submarines

Somewhere in France,
March 30, 1918.

Dear Mr. Eddytor:—
I was readin' parts of your paper
here t'uday, amonst 'em bein' an edy-
torial sayin' that all branches of this
service is represented. Wal, I ain't
quite sure, as I ain't noticed no mention
of us fellers at all.

Oh, maybe yuh don't know who us
fellars be—wal, we're them Navy Avia-
tion gang, in them outlyin' farm dis-
tricts along the shore of this here
state, an' I thought us how perhaps
yuh'd like to hear that we're alive—
which information I doubt will give any
aid and comfort to the enemy.

Wal, I'll tell yuh: I ain't been offi-
cially—no I mean officially authorized
to write t'uh yuh, but I thought if
yuh wanted a humdred of a war cor-
respondent from this here particular
branch, I might be able to help yuh
out a bit, 'cause when I first come into
this outfit, 'way back in '17, I used t'uh
be a special war-correspondent for a
paper in New York—yuh've heard of that
burg, I suppose?

Them papers was published down in
Greenwich Village, yuh know, down by
Washington Square, where all the hun-
nies is—and it was a weakly affair get
out each week; we used t'uh run off
about six copies each week on one
of them "Corony" typewriters—we only
needed a light machine, 'cause we didn't
write no heavy stuff.

When It Rains and When It Don't

Wal, anyhow, this letter wasn't writ-
ten t'uh talk about myself, but about
the Navy Aviation Service. Course, I
kin just write mostly 'bout this here
part of them country; all's we do here
is fishin' and farmin' mainly. When it
rains, we fish our baits out from under
them leaks in them roof, and when them
tide is out we farm clams.

Oh, yes! I forgot t'uh say just now
there's an open season on them there
U-boats that them papers talk of so
much. Our Commandant says as how he
ain't got to shave off his beard—he's
got a real cute one, sort o' French like
—till we get one o' these here subs. But
I ain't quite sure as how he can stand
it that long, not that we can't get 'em,
but them dern fules won't show up in
our sector.

I could tell yuh lots more about them
things, too, but there's a feller called
a censor out here that's got t'uh read
all our letters, and I don't dast t'uh
git gay. But there's allus a lot o' in-
terestin' things happenin' round here,
like them other day one o' them cooks
spilt a can o' this here "frou-frou"
powder in them cocoa, and them next
day all them fellers went out and bought
wrist watches; an' then there's a dog-
fight most every hour, 'cause we got

MY SWEETHEART

I saw her in a dream as though in
life,
Her form, her soft blue eyes, her
elder hair,
Which fell as silken, golden portals,
draped,
Before her bosom fair.

She whispered in my ear, "Sweet-
heart, be brave,
We'll back you up in all you do
and dare."
Then, bending o'er, she pressed her
lips to mine . . .
I woke—she was not there.

Sgt. FRANK C. MCCARTHY.

about all them dawgs in them town round
here, besides a white rat and a bunch
o' sand fleas, so them fellers don't get
lonesome.

Then there's baseball games, and say!
we've got some team, too. They kin
lick anything their weight; but them
other day they went up t'uh a blimp
station—yuh know, one o' them light-
house air gas bag balloons—and o'
course they got licked, 'cause them only
man that had a musk was them catcher;
it ought t'uh been them pitcher, I think,
from them way them coacher fellers
talked t'uh him.

Little Sassify Stuff

They ain't much sassify stuff t'uh
write about as yet, 'cause them city
folks ain't come down. They'd rather
stay up in Paris and watch them Hun
fules try t'uh kid themselves into
thinkin' they is winnin' them war with
a long distance pen-shooter destroyin'
theaters, pitcher galleries and such.
It's gettin' to be spring around here,
for all them town council are gettin' out
their lobster pots and fishin' gear; and
them women folks is all goin' out t'uh
do them heavy work, like them plowin'
and farmin'. An' besides, all them chick-
ens that them rubber get along
the road is all spring chickens; at least,
they're like rubber, when yuh git t'uh
taste 'em.

Wal, I guess I've writ enough for
t'uday. Just thought I'd find out if
yuh'd like t'uh hear from us occasion-
ally in this here outlyin' district (I can't
tell yuh where I am, but I kin tell
yuh that it's them best station in them
bunch, and everybody knows where that
is).

Wal, I want t'uh git some more dope
jest write me, U.S. Naval Aviation
Forces, 4 Place d'Ena, Paris, and it
ought t'uh reach me by Christmas. Hop-
ing that this don't land in them scrup-
basket, and yerself t'uh same, I am,

Yers till after them war's over,
FREDERIC M. DELANO.
P.S.—Say, is ther any retribution—
no, I mean remuneration for this sort
o' article? 'Cause if yuh want, I kin
write yuh in good English, too. And
I sort o' need t'uh money, 'cause I'm
plannin' on gettin' hitched up soon—
if I kin ever git them girl away from
her mother again.
So long.

IT'S PRONOUNCED FOCH

The French will think it is a joke
When bungling Yanks pronounce it
Foch.
Yet will we make a sadder both
If we attempt to call it Foch;
Nor can we fail to pain and shock
Who boldly try to say it Foch.
In fact, we have to turn to Boche
To find the word that rhymes with
Foch.



Sing a song of six sous, toll for conversation;
Three and thirty 'phone girls, here to help the nation!

When the cam'ra snapped 'em they didn't budge or fuss
Isn't that a proof they're soldiers just like us?

BOARDS TO DECIDE ON PHYSICAL UNFITNESS

Not All Men Unsited to
Combat Service Will
Be Sent Home

Only those officers and soldiers recom-
mended by disability boards, with a view
to their physical reclassification for the
purpose of reclassification.

The fourth class, as has been said, in-
cludes those recommended for transfer
to the United States as unfit for any
duty with the A.E.F. Upon the recom-
mendation of disability boards, these
cases will be returned to the United
States in accordance with special in-
structions and orders issued in each case
from Headquarters, S.O.S.

Unless the disability is the result of
his own misconduct, no non-commissioned
officer or first class private will be
reduced to a lower grade because of be-
ing taken out of the physically fit class.

HE GOT THE WOOD

This is a fable without a moral.
Once upon a time there lived a sup-
ply officer. He bought a lot of wood
and was held up on the price. (That
removes it from the fable class by mak-
ing it painfully true.)

He knew, of course, that he was be-
ing held up on the price, but he had
to have the wood. The wood that he
had to have, and that he had to pay
such a price for, was all there was that
could be got in time.

Presently, he got a telegram from his
superior officer asking him to explain
why he had paid so much for wood. He
telegraphed back:

"If you will consult the World Al-
manac for 1918, you will find the United
States is at war."

Just now, he doesn't know whether he
is going to be promoted for efficiency
or court-martialed for sassiness. But
whether or not he gets the axe for his
pains, he's got the wood.

DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Bum—The mess sergeant who holds
up seconds.
Dog-rober—A Guy who has too soft
a job to live.

Corporal—A guy given chevrons to
show that he is supposed to help the
Sergeants hold down their jobs.

A.E.F. CHECK SIGNERS RECALL SCHOOL DAYS

Disbursing Officers Must
Supply Bank With Ten
Signatures Each

Remember the days when they used to
keep you after school to write "Finished
labors are pleasant," "Stern is the path
of duty," or—cruelest of all—"Tros
Tyrissque mihi nullo discrimine agetur,"
10 or 20 or 30 or 40 times, just because
yuh'd passed notes to the red-headed
girl across the aisle, or put tacks in
teacher's chair or thrown a spitball at
Willy Jones over in the corner? Well,
that's what the disbursing officers of
the A.E.F. have got to do, all over
again.

All of them who have not as yet fur-
nished the Bank of France, in Paris,
with specimen copies of their official sig-
natures are directed to forward at once
to that bank, through the chiefs of their
corps or departments, 10 copies of their
official signature. In short, they've got
to write their John Hancock 10 times,
trying to keep them as much alike as
possible. And they've got to do it in ink
on a blank sheet of paper, allowing a
space of at least an inch between John
Hancocks. Finally, they can't blot 'em;
they've just got to stand around and
wait for 'em to dry.

Name and rank—typewritten—must
appear at the top of the blank sheet. If
the disbursing officer has a symbol num-
ber, that is to be shown below his rank.
After all that has been done, the chief
of corps or department or whoever it is will
cause the signature to be certified by an
officer whose signature is already known
at the Bank of France. Then it is to
be presumed, the disbursing officer will
be ready to do business—as soon as his
wrist gets well.

BALLAD OF A RED CROSS MAN

He didn't seem like a soldier guy;
He didn't specially want to die,
(But then no more do you and I),
This New York lad.
And yet he thought he might, per-
chance,
Bring indirect relief to France
By driving a Ford ambulance.
It seems too bad.

And so he bought a jitney bus
And came a year ahead of us,
And all the French girls made a fuss
That was absurd.
And giggled at him when they met
Him driving with his cigarette.
They said: "Was the French for 'Pet,'
That precious word."

And then the U.S.A. declared
Itself for war—it wasn't scared,
Though altogether unprepared—
And Congress met,
And everybody made a speech,
And each gave free advice to each—
It wasn't quite the time to preach,
But they should fret.

Our Red Cross hero didn't know
(No more than we a year ago)
How best to serve his country, so
He said: "Oh, Hell!
Democracy will be restored
Without my help, so why be bored?
I'll just stay on and drive the Ford.
I'm doing well."

It worked all right till last July.
The French girls watched him driving
By
With undimint, bed sidelong eye,
And this kept t'
Until the first o' Pershing's troops,
With Sam Browne belt in nifty groups,
Demoralized the chickencoops,
Oh, bitter cup!

That day, our hero, with a grant,
Got in his car and went to hunt
A hospital up near the front,
(But not too near),
To find some little dame from home
With blue eyes and a gilded dome
Who'd see his worth because he'd come
To war last year.

He found the hospital all right,
And didn't look around that night,
But in the morning, clear and bright,
Went out to walk.
He saw approaching him, a mile
Away, a vision with a style
That whispered of Manhattan Isle,
Murmured New York.

His heart increased its normal beat.
As similarly did his feet,
To think he was so soon to meet
His little prey:
When suddenly he saw that she
Was with a figure in khaki,
(Protective color, hard to see
So far away).

So Archie blamed it on his Fate—
"Twas evident he'd come too late—
And then, I'm sorry to narrate
That Archie cursed.
The soldier lad was slightly lame—
The victim of a baseball game,
But wounded Hero just the same—
And must be nursed.

It seemed too late to turn back now,
So Archie walked on anyhow,
Though somewhat like a small bow-wow
Bragging a gun.

He walked by looking straight ahead:
He thought she'd speak. But no. In-
stead

She looked him over, sniffed, and said:
"Who is this man?"

Depressed, he turned off down a lane,
Went back to the Red Cross again
To try to find some other Jane—
Sore as a pup.
And there he found six maidens fair
All sitting round and taking care
Of patients in the open air—
All dated up.

He stuck around that hallowed spot
A month, and got it pretty hot,
For if, perchance, you think his lot
Was something soft,
You should have heard those maidens
say.

When'er he passed along their way:
"There goes our little *embusqué*."
And then they coughed.

Just recently one day I met
Our Archie, with his cigarette,
Behind a front line parapet,
His placid brow
Untroubled with the battle's din.
He wore a calm, seraphic grin
And sang the chorus of "YOU'RE IN
THE ARMY NOW."
JOHN PENDLETON KING, 1st Lieut.,
U.S.R.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS Putting You Right

By BRAN MASH

X.—The proper set for an army mess
is one knife, one fork, one spoon in
each mess kit. The oysters are to be
eaten in the hand, so an extra fork is to
be necessary, and the soup is to be
inhaled, so an extra spoon is not need-
ed. When in doubt use the knife. Finger
bowls are no longer in good standing,
but you might add a touch of practi-
cality by presenting each of your guests
with a bacon tin full of wood ashes
with which to polish off the cutlery and
plate.

Y.—When invited out to tea by a
French family, don't say, "Two lumps,
please." They ain't no lumps. "Two
drops, please," is the correct way of in-
dicating your preference in the matter
of sweetening. Don't worry; you have
imbibed lots of worse things than sac-
charine in your time, we dare say.

Z.—Yes, the old rule about always
addressing an officer in the third per-
son has not been abridged. It is par-
ticularly appropriate for people on de-
tached service, as it lends itself greatly
to the air of detachment.

Q.—When saluting a British officer,
you have to look twice. He may be
wearing his insignia either on his shoul-
der or on his cuffs, depending on what
his rank is. Two swift, sharp penetrat-
ing glances ought to set you straight;
then snap it up. He will excuse you for
staring if your salute is all right.

S.—Yes, by all means cultivate a habit
of deference toward your orders. He
knows more about you than you know
yourself. No matter how much you may
be able to fool the Old Man as to your
abilities, you will never fool your order-
ly. He knows just how helpless you
are without him. When he says "Sir"
to you, be sure to come back with, "Yea,
my lord and master."

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